Towards *Phœbus* lodging, ſuch a wagoner
As *Phaetan* would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in clowdie night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtaine loue-performing night,
That runnawayes eyes may wincke, and *Romeo*
Leape to theſe armes, vntalkt of and vnſeene,
Louers can ſee to do their amorous rights,
And by their owne bewties, or if loue be blind,
It beſt agrees with night, come ciuill night,
Thou ſober ſuted matron all in blacke,
And learne me how to looſe a winning match,
Plaide for a paire of ſtainleſſe maydenhoods.
Hood my vnmand bloud bayting in my cheekes,
With thy blacke mantle, till ſtrange loue grow bold,
Thinke true loue acted ſimple modeſtie:
Come night, come *Romeo*, come thou day in night,
For thou wilt lie vpon the winges of night,
Whiter then new ſnow vpon a Rauens backe:
Come gentle night, come louing black browd night,
Giue me my *Romeo*, and when I ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtarres,
And he will make the face of heauen ſo fine,
That all the world will be in loue with night,
And pay no worſhip to the garniſh Sun.
O I haue bought the manſion of a loue,
But not poſſeſt it, and though I am ſold,
Not yet enioyd, ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtiuall,
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not weare them. O here comes my Nurſe:

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings newes, and euery tongue that ſpeaks
But *Romeos* name, ſpeakes heauenly eloquence:
Now Nurſe, what newes? what haſt thou there,
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?

Nur. I,

Nur. I, I, the cords.
Iu. Ay me what news? why doſt tho
Nur. A weraday, hees dead, he
We are vndone Lady, we are vnd
Alack the day, hees gone, hees kild
Iu. Can heauen be ſo enuious?
Nur. *Romeo* can,
Though heauen cannot. O *Romeo*,
Who euer would haue thought it *R*
Iu. What diuell art thou that doſt
This torture ſhould be rored in di
Hath *Romeo* ſlaine himſelfe? ſay th
And that bare vowell I ſhall poyſ
Then the death arting eye of Coc
I am not I, if there be ſuch an I.
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that makes thee
If he be ſlaine ſay I, or if not, no.
Briefe, ſounds, determine my weal
Nur. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it w
God ſaue the marke, here on his m
A piteous coarſe, a bloudie piteous
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawbde i
All in goare bloud, I ſounded at th
Iu. O break my hart, poore banck
To priſon eyes, nere looke on libe
Vile earth too earth reſigne, end
And thou and *Romeo* preſſe on he
Nur. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt
O curteous *Tybalt*, honeſt Gentle
That euer I ſhould liue to ſee thee
Iu. What ſtorme is this that bl
Is *Romeo* ſlaughtred? and is *Tybalt*
My deareſt Cozen, and my deare
Then dreadfull Trumpet ſound t
For who is liuing, if thoſe two are

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURG